

Buster Brown

COMIC BOOK

NO.
26



TUNE IN SMILIN' ED McCONNELL AND THE
BUSTER BROWN GANG ON RADIO OR TV

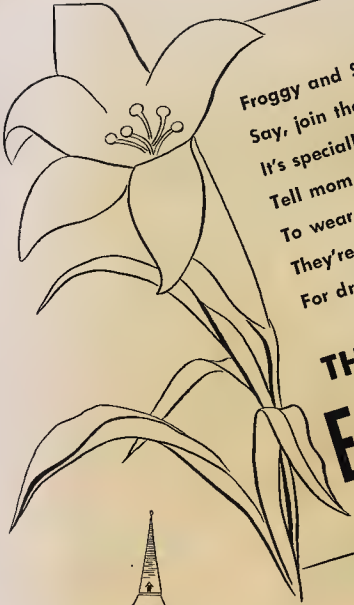
B & B SHOE STORE

301 COLLEGE ST.
SPRINGFIELD, MO.





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Froggy and Squeeky and Midnight too
Say, join the parade, kids
It's specially for you.
Tell mom you want Busters
To wear Easter Day,
They're a wonderful value
For dress-up and play!

THE BUSTER BROWN Easter Parade



Look at the back cover, kids!
You'll see the swell Buster Browns
your shoeman has for you during the
Easter Parade. Ask mom to get you
a pair today!

The JINNI of the JUG

GREETINGS, LITTLE MASTER! I DWELL IN THE SMALL JUG YOU FOUND IN YOUR NET. AND BECAUSE YOU DREW ME UP FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA WHERE I LAY POWERLESS, I SHALL SERVE YOU ALWAYS. WHEN TROUBLE THREATENS, OPEN THE JUG AND I SHALL APPEAR--TO GRANT YOUR EVERY WISH!



WHEN YOUNG KULAH, AND HIS BROTHER SHARRKAN, WHO WAS CALIPH OF BAGHDAD, WENT FISHING ONE DAY, THEY MADE A SURPRISING CATCH, FOR IN THEIR FISHING NET LAY A SMALL JUG. AS KULAH DREW THE CORK, A GREAT CLOUD OF BLACK SMOKE GUSHED FORTH, AND IN IT, THE FIGURE OF A MIGHTY JINNI TOOK SHAPE! MANY AND STRANGE WERE THE ADVENTURES THAT BEFELL YOUNG KULAH AND THE JINNI...

BUT ONE DAY, KULAH HASTENED TO FIND HIS BROTHER, THE CALIPH, FOR A GREAT PROBLEM FACED THEM.

SHARRKAN, WE MUST DO SOMETHING QUICKLY! THE PEOPLE STORM THE PALACE GATES — THEY ARE DYING OF THIRST!

I KNOW, MY BROTHER, BUT I CANNOT EXPLAIN TO MY PEOPLE WHY THE WELLS OF BAGHDAD SHOULD DRY UP OVER NIGHT, FOR I DO NOT KNOW MYSELF!



I MUST DO SOMETHING TO HELP THE PEOPLE OF BAGHDAD, FOR THERE IS NOT A DROP OF WATER IN THE CITY! BUT TRULY, I DO NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO.

I WONDER IF MY JINNI IN THE JUG COULD HELP US.

I THINK IT WORTH TRYING, FOR YOUR JINNI HAS MANY STRANGE MAGICAL POWERS AT HIS COMMAND!

I'LL GET THE JUG FROM THE CABINET AT ONCE!



BUT WHAT SHARRKAN AND KULAH DID NOT KNOW WAS THAT A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE WELLS OF BAGHDAD WENT DRY, OLD GORMA, THE WITCH, BREWING HER MAGIC POTIONS IN A CAULDRON, HAD AN AMAZING EXPERIENCE OF HER OWN, IN HER CAVE FAR AWAY IN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE...

THE FOOLS... NO ONE KNOWS OR CARES ABOUT OLD GORMA. PAH! IF THEY KNEW WHAT I WAS ABOUT THEY WOULD CARE! WELL-- HERE IN MY CAULDRON IS A MAGIC FORMULA WHICH SHOULD BE STRONG ENOUGH TO ENSLAVE ALL THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD!



LEAP HIGH, OH FIRE, OH, CAULDRON BOIL. A MAGIC POTION YOUR BLACK DEPTHS ROIL. A MAGIC BREW SO STRONG, SO GREAT 'TILL 'SLAVE THE WORLD, AND EASE MY HATE!



PAH! AGAIN I HAVE FAILED! A GOOD MAGIC POTION AND POWERFUL, BUT NOT NEARLY POWERFUL ENOUGH TO ENSLAVE THE WORLD!



YOU NEED ME, OLD GORMA!

WHO SPOKE? WHO IS IN MY CAVE?

IT IS I... THE SPIRIT OF FIRE!



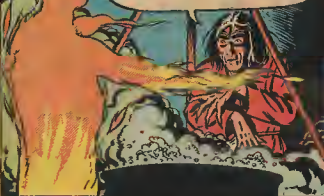
AIE! THE SPIRIT OF FIRE... SO IT IS! BUT WHY DO I NEED YOU, FIRE?

I AM THE GREATEST DESTRUCTIVE FORCE IN THE WORLD. NOTHING IS A GREATER DESTROYER THAN FIRE! BUT I NEED YOUR HELP...



IF YOU COULD WORK A MAGIC SPELL THAT WOULD HOLD THE SPIRIT OF WATER CAPTIVE, THEN I WOULD BE YOUR WILLING SERVANT. FOR ONLY WATER CAN QUENCH MY FLAMES AND CAUSE ME TO DIE!

HEH, HEH, AND THAT I CAN DO. I CAN QUICKLY WORK A MAGIC FORMULA TO CAPTURE THE SPIRIT OF WATER!



FIRE, MAKE THE CAULDRON BOIL, AND AT A MAGIC SPELL I'LL TELL YOU TO HOLD THE SPIRIT OF WATER FAST. ENCHAINED IN MAGIC TO THE LAST!



BACK AT THE PALACE, SHARRKAN AND KULAH PREPARE TO CALL THE JINNI OF THE JUG...

QUICKLY, BROTHER, CALL YOUR FRIEND, THE JINNI!

IN A MINUTE, SHARRKAN.

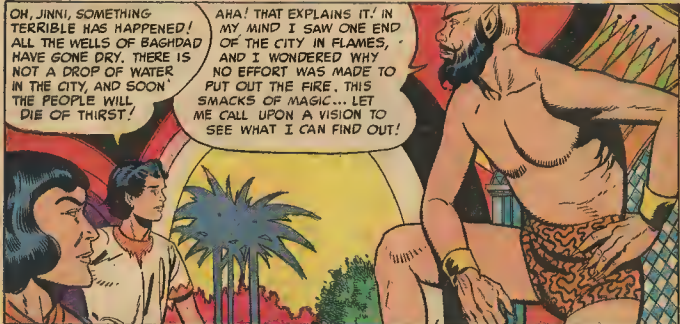


WELL, WELL, WELL, LITTLE MASTER. AGAIN YOU CALL ME FROM MY JUG. HOW CAN I SERVE YOU?



OH, JINNI, SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED! ALL THE WELLS OF BAGHDAD HAVE GONE DRY. THERE IS NOT A DROP OF WATER IN THE CITY, AND SOON THE PEOPLE WILL DIE OF THIRST!

AHA! THAT EXPLAINS IT! IN MY MIND I SAW ONE END OF THE CITY IN FLAMES, AND I WONDERED WHY NO EFFORT WAS MADE TO PUT OUT THE FIRE. THIS SMACKS OF MAGIC... LET ME CALL UPON A VISION TO SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT!



THEN YOU HAVE DONE IT! THE SPIRIT OF WATER IS YOUR CAPTIVE! BUT, GORMA, I MUST HAVE PROOF!

COME TO THE BACK OF THE CAVE AND I WILL SHOW YOU.

OH, MIGHTY VISION, FORTH YOU GO, TO TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW!



THERE STANDS THE SPIRIT OF WATER...
VERY MUCH A CAPTIVE AS YOU CAN
SEE. SHE IS HELD IN A MAGIC SPELL.

MY ENEMY
CAPTURED!
AT LAST!



AND AS THE VISION BEGINS TO FADE, THE SPIRIT
OF FIRE RACES ACROSS THE SKIES LIKE A
FLAMING ARROW!



AND SO, FIRE
SPIRIT, YOU ARE
FREE! NOW WE
CAN BURN THE
WHOLE WORLD.
AND YOU CAN
START NOW
WITH THE CITY
OF BAGHDAD!

NO, NO, FIRE! YOU MUST
NOT DO THIS TERRIBLE
THING. WITHOUT MY RAIN
AND WATER TO COOL
YOUR ROARING FLAMES,
EVERYONE IN BAGHDAD
WILL PERISH!



AND THEY
SHOULD-- THEY
SHOULD PERISH!
GORMA, I'M OFF
TO BAGHDAD TO
BURN THE CITY!
YOU WILL SOON
HEAR FROM ME.

WE MUST ACT QUICKLY, LITTLE MASTER. FOR UNLESS WE CAN
FREE THE SPIRIT OF WATER SO THAT SHE CAN SEND HER
RAINS TO QUENCH THE FIRES ALREADY BURNING IN THE CITY,
ALL OF BAGHDAD WILL BE ENGULFED IN FLAMES. I WILL
GO AT ONCE TO THE CAVE OF
GORMA THE WITCH.

GOOD FORTUNE GO
WITH YOU BOTH! I
WILL STAY HERE
AND DO WHAT I
CAN TO QUIET
MY PEOPLE.

AND I WILL
GO WITH YOU,
JINNI!



HOLD TIGHT,
LITTLE MASTER.



AND WITH KULAH CLINGING TO HIS SHOULDERS, THE WONDROUS JINNI SPEEDS THROUGH THE SKY TO THE LONELY MOUNTAIN CAVE OF GORMA THE WITCH.



THERE BELOW US, IS THE WITCH'S CAVE. SOON WE SHALL SEE WHO HAS THE STRONGER MAGIC... GORMA OR THE JINNI OF THE JUG!

STAY BEHIND ME, LITTLE MASTER, LEST A STRAY BIT OF MAGIC REACH YOU AND BRING YOU HARM!

I WILL, JINNI.



WHO WOULD INVADE MY CAVE? AIE! IT IS THE JINNI OF THE JUG, EH? AND WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE OF GORMA? DEATH?

I WOULD HAVE YOU FREE THE SPIRIT OF WATER-- OR FEEL MY MAGIC!



SO! YOU WOULD FIGHT WITH OLD GORMA! THEN HAVE A TASTE OF MY MAGIC!

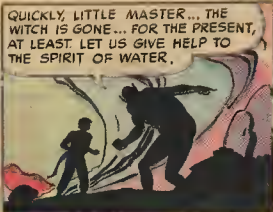


AND HERE IS MAGIC TO MATCH YOUR EVIL, GORMA! NOW - VANISH!!





"JINNI! THE OLD WITCH IS DISAPPEARING!"



QUICKLY, LITTLE MASTER... THE WITCH IS GONE... FOR THE PRESENT, AT LEAST, LET US GIVE HELP TO THE SPIRIT OF WATER.



OH, GREAT JINNI--HELP ME! FREE ME FROM THE SPELL WHICH HOLDS ME FAST OR THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WILL PERISH!

I WILL TRY MY BEST, WATER SPIRIT!

STANDING BACK FROM THE CAPTIVE WATER SPIRIT, THE JINNI RAISES HIS ARMS AND FROM HIS FINGER TIPS MAGIC BOLTS OF LIGHTNING FIGHT THE SPELL!



OH, JINNI! THE SPELL IS WEAKENING--GORMA'S MAGIC CANNOT DEFY YOUR THUNDERBOLTS!



THERE, WATER SPIRIT--STEP FREE OF THE SPELL! I'LL SEND IT BACK TO GORMA'S CAULDRON!



NOW HURRY, JINNI, I BEG YOU-- TO THE CITY OF BAGHDAD!

AGAIN THE MAGIC FLIGHT BEGINS,
THIS TIME ON A MISSION OF
MERCY TOWARD A DOOMED CITY.



QUICKLY, JINNI, TAKE US TO
THE GROUND SO THAT I CAN
MAKE THE MAGIC WHICH
WILL BRING DOWN
MY RAINS!



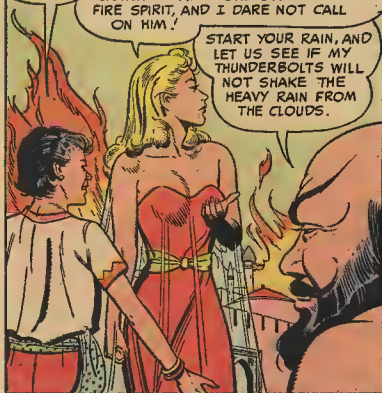
HERE WE ARE! RIGHT AT THE
EDGE OF THE BURNING
PART OF BAGHDAD!



QUICKLY, SPIRIT
OF WATER--
SEND YOUR
RAIN TO
PUT OUT
THE FIRE!

LITTLE KULAH---NO ORDINARY RAIN
WILL QUENCH THESE FLAMES--A
GREAT THUNDERSTORM MUST BE
CALLED. I NEED THE THUNDER TO
SHAKE A HEAVY DOWNPOUR FROM
THE CLOUDS. BUT THUNDER AND
LIGHTNING ARE CONTROLLED BY THE
FIRE SPIRIT, AND I DARE NOT CALL
ON HIM!

START YOUR RAIN, AND
LET US SEE IF MY
THUNDERBOLTS WILL
NOT SHAKE THE
HEAVY RAIN FROM
THE CLOUDS.



OH, WATER PURE, WATER BRIGHT,
BRING YOUR STRENGTH INTO THIS
FIGHT,
KILL THE ROARING FLAME AND
SPARK,
'TIL THIS FEARFUL FIRE IS DARK.



HARDLY HAD THE WATER SPIRIT UTTERED HER MAGIC WORDS, THAN THE CLOUDS CAME TO COVER THE SKY AND RAIN BEGAN TO FALL.



NOW WE WILL SEE WHAT MY THUNDERBOLTS WILL DO.



THE JINNI HURLS WHITE BOLTS OF MAGICAL LIGHTNING INTO THE DARK BILLDWING CLOUDS AND A GREAT TORRENT OF RAIN POURS DOWN ON THE BURNING CITY.



SD, WATER SPIRIT, YOUR RAINS HAVE SAVED THE CITY OF BAGHDAD!

NOT ALDNE, GREAT JINNI, FOR WITHOUT YOUR THUNDERBOLTS, I COULD NEVER HAVE BROUGHT ENOUGH RAIN TO PUT OUT THE FIRE.

JINNI-- LOOK! THE FIRE SPIRIT!



WHO DARES TO SEND
WATER TO FIGHT ME?
WHO DARES TO
QUENCH MY
FLAMES?

LOOK YOU, FIRE
SPIRIT... THE SPIRIT OF
WATER IS FREE! NEVER
AGAIN CAN YOUR
FLAMES RULE THE
WORLD!

AND AS THE RAGING FIRE SPIRIT MEETS THE
MIGHTY JINNI OF THE JUG, IT IS A TERRIBLE
STRUGGLE OF MAGICAL THUNDERBOLTS AGAINST
SEARING FLAMES, WITH NO QUARTER GIVEN.

AND HERE, SPIRIT OF FIRE, IS SOMETHING
YOU DID NOT EXPECT!

SO, GREAT MONSTER,
HERE IS SOMETHING
YOU DID NOT
EXPECT!

ONE MORE
SMALL BOLT,
FIRE SPIRIT—
AND YOU'RE
OUT!

WITH THE JINNI'S LAST
POWERFUL BOLT, THE
FIRE SPIRIT SHRINKS
TO A TINY FLAME, THEN
SPUTTERS AND GOES
OUT!

I CAN NEVER THANK EITHER OF YOU
ENOUGH FOR HELPING ME. BUT
REMEMBER, WHENEVER YOU NEED
ME, CALL MY NAME AND I
SHALL COME TO YOU, FOR I
WILL ALWAYS BE YOUR FRIEND.

YOU HAVE ALREADY
GIVEN US YOUR
THANKS IN
SAVING OUR
TOWN,
WATER
SPIRIT.

AND AS THE SPIRIT OF WATER SOARS
AWAY TO HER HOME IN THE CLOUDS,
JINNI TURNS TO
YOUNG KULAH...

AND NOW,
LITTLE MASTER?

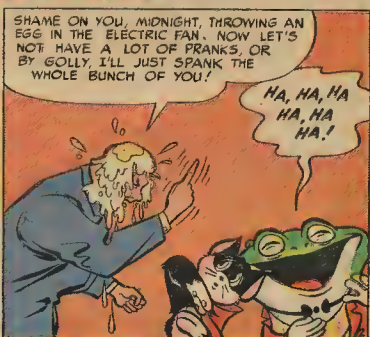
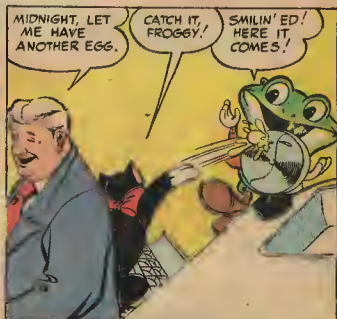
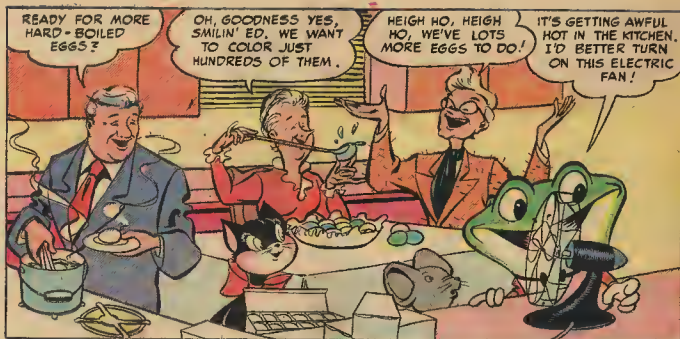
TAKE ME HOME,
JINNI. I NEED
A DRINK OF
WATER!

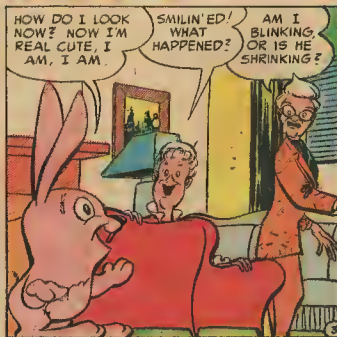
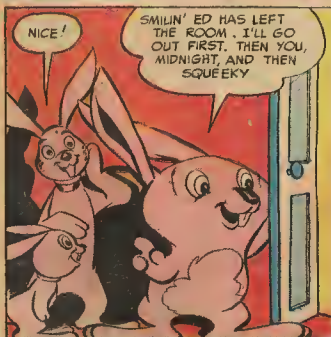
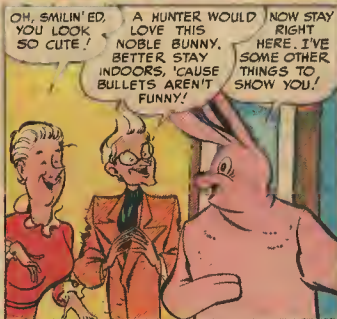
Smilin' Ed AND HIS Gang

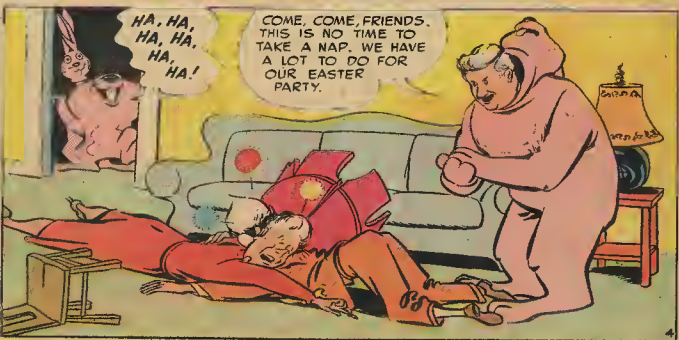
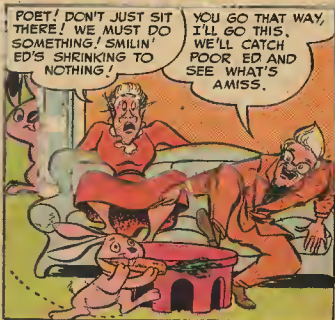
HAVE AN EASTER PARTY

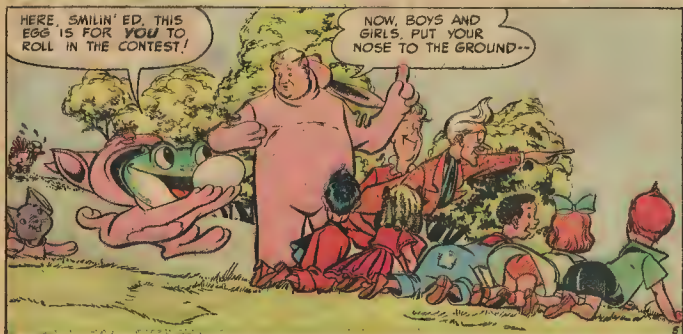
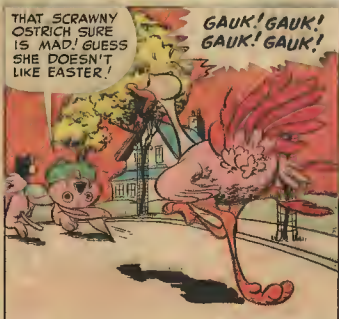
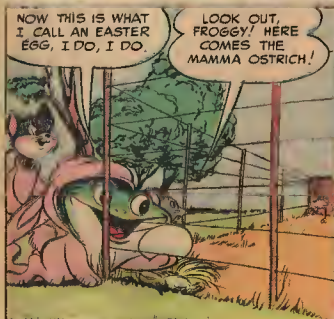
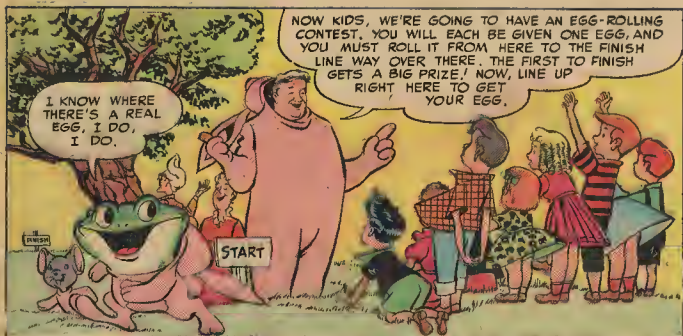


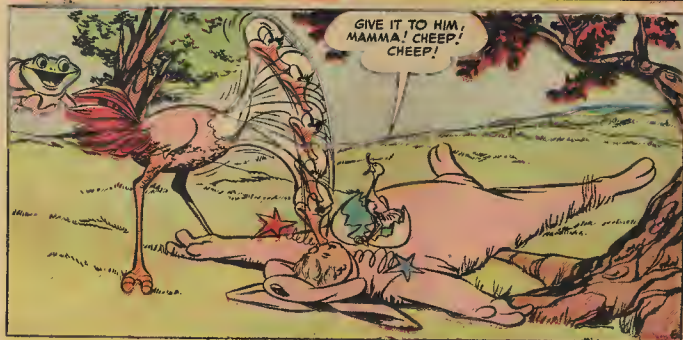
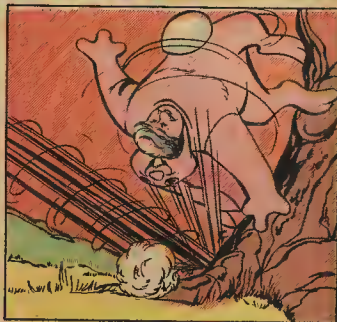
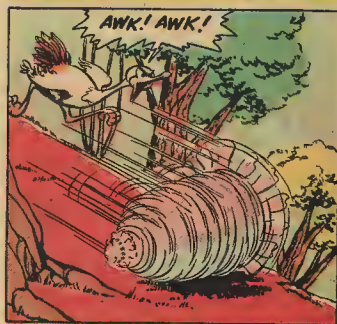
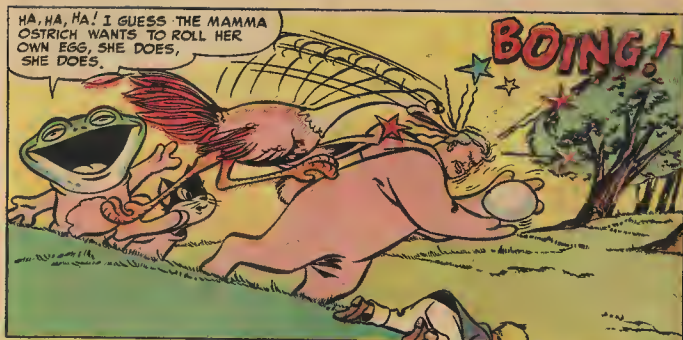
SMILIN' ED DECIDES TO HAVE AN EASTER PARTY, AND HE ASKS THE HELP OF HIS FRIENDS, MR. SHORTFELLOW THE POET, MRS. TWIDDLE VAN SNOOT, AND OF COURSE SQUEEKY THE MOUSE, MIDNIGHT THE CAT AND FROGGY THE GREMLIN.

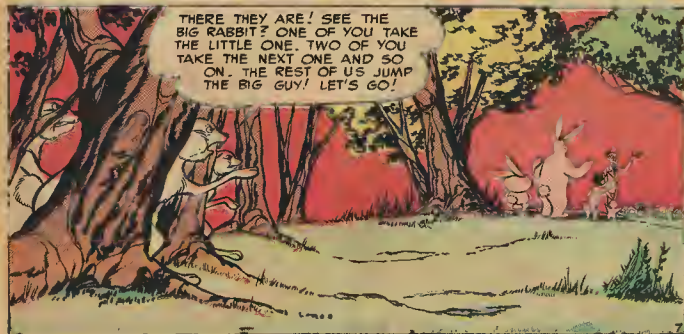
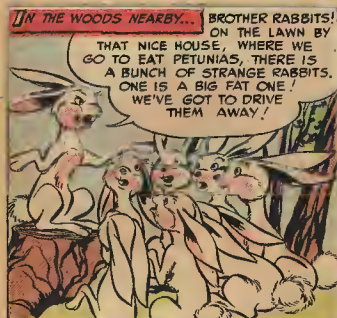
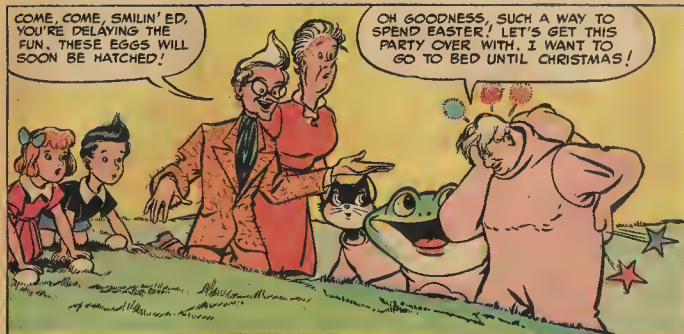


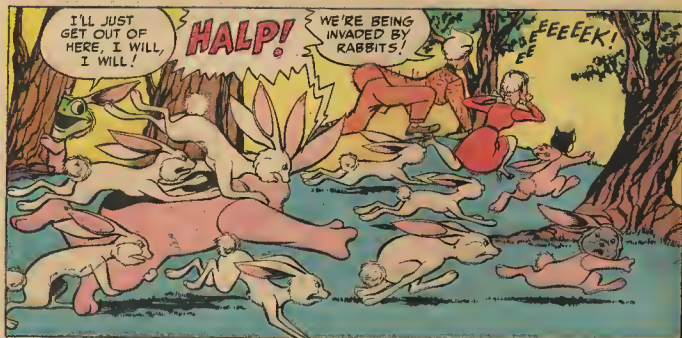


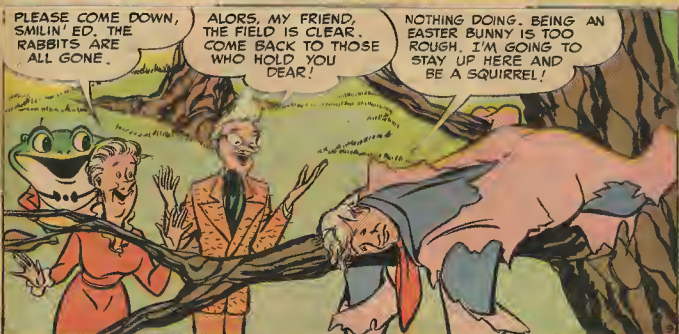
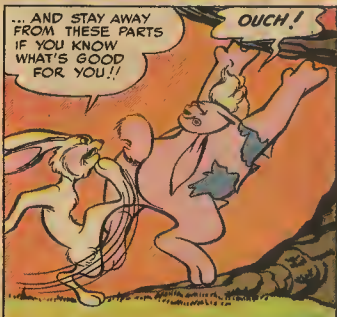
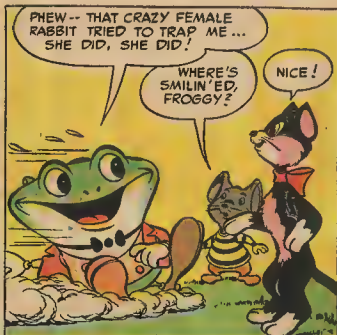












LITTLE FOX

IT IS LATE SUMMER IN THE GREAT WOODED HUNTING GROUNDS OF THE DAKOTA SIOUX, AND A YOUNG INDIAN BOY, LITTLE FOX, GLIDES NOISELESSLY INTO A CLEARING AND MAKES A GRIM DISCOVERY.



A DEAD SHE-WOLF! AND NO MARK UPON
HER--SHE MUST HAVE DIED OF OLD AGE!



WITH THE QUIET STEALTH OF THE INDIAN HUNTER, LITTLE
FOX MOVES SLOWLY THROUGH THE GREAT FOREST, FOR
HERE, THE SLIGHTEST NOISE CAN MEAN DEADLY PERIL...



THAT SOUND...
WHAT WAS IT?



A WOLF
CUB!



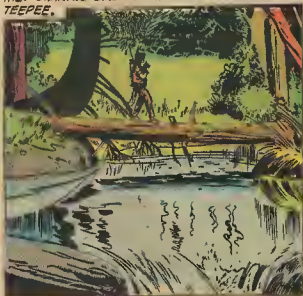
SO YOU ARE THE GREAT BEAST
THAT THREATENED ME! YOU MAKE
A LARGE NOISE FOR ONE SO
SMALL. POOR
LITTLE CUB...



...YOUR MOTHER IS DEAD, AND YOU
ARE HALF-STARVED. WELL, YOU
ARE EASILY OLD ENOUGH TO
EAT GOOD MEAT--AND THAT IS
SOMETHING LITTLE FOX CAN
GET FOR YOU!



AND THIS A NEW COMPANION CAME INTO THE LIFE OF LITTLE FOX... A WOLF CUB. TOGETHER, THEY STARTED BACK TO HIS GRANDMOTHER'S TEEPEE.



SEE WHAT I HAVE, GRANDMOTHER?... A NEW PET! A WOLF CUB!



A CUB OF THE GREAT GRAY WOLF! BUT LITTLE FOX, YOUR FATHER WILL NOT BE PLEASED THAT YOU BRING A WOLF CUB INTO OUR LODGE, IS HE NOT NAMED RUNNING WOLF BECAUSE HE HAS KILLED SO MANY OF THESE DANGEROUS ANIMALS?



BUT THIS ONE IS SO LITTLE! IT IS NOT A DANGEROUS BEAST, GRANDMOTHER.

AT THAT INSTANT, CHIEF RUNNING WOLF ENTERS THE TEEPEE.

SO, MY SON AND MY MOTHER, I HAVE RETURNED. LITTLE FOX... WHAT IS IT THAT YOU HAVE?



A WOLF CUB! WHY DID YOU NOT KILL IT? WHY DO YOU BRING A WOLF INTO OUR LODGE?



BUT FATHER... IT IS ONLY A TINY CUB, NOT A FULL GROWN WOLF! I MEANT TO TAME IT... AND KEEP IT FOR A PET.

NO, MY SON, THE WOLF IS OUR ENEMY. ALWAYS OUR PEOPLE MUST BE AT WAR WITH THE WOLF, FOR IT IS THE WOLVES WHO KILL THE GAME WE MUST HAVE TO LIVE. IN BAD TIMES WHEN GAME IS SCARCE, IT IS THE WOLF WHO COMES INTO OUR HERDS, AND KILLS VALUABLE HORSES. NO, WOLVES MUST DIE WHENEVER WE HAVE A CHANCE TO SLAY THEM. TAKE THIS CUB OUT OF OUR LODGE AND KILL IT!



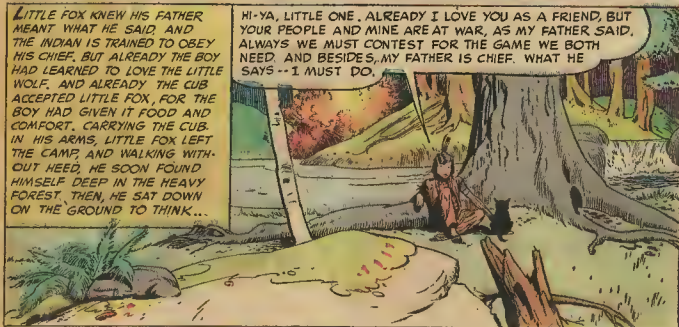
BUT FATHER...
IF I COULD TAME IT
AND...

DO NOT QUESTION ME, LITTLE
FOX. KILL THE WOLF CUB!



LITTLE FOX KNEW HIS FATHER MEANT WHAT HE SAID, AND THE INDIAN IS TRAINED TO OBEY HIS CHIEF. BUT ALREADY THE BOY HAD LEARNED TO LOVE THE LITTLE WOLF, AND ALREADY THE CUB ACCEPTED LITTLE FOX, FOR THE BOY HAD GIVEN IT FOOD AND COMFORT. CARRYING THE CUB IN HIS ARMS, LITTLE FOX LEFT THE CAMP, AND WALKING WITHOUT HEED, HE SOON FOUND HIMSELF DEEP IN THE HEAVY FOREST. THEN, HE SAT DOWN ON THE GROUND TO THINK...

HI-YA, LITTLE ONE, ALREADY I LOVE YOU AS A FRIEND, BUT YOUR PEOPLE AND MINE ARE AT WAR, AS MY FATHER SAID. ALWAYS WE MUST CONTEST FOR THE GAME WE BOTH NEED. AND BESIDES, MY FATHER IS CHIEF. WHAT HE SAYS -- I MUST DO.



I MUST DO IT...
I MUST OBEY...



NO, LITTLE ONE, I
CANNOT KILL YOU, EVEN
THOUGH I DISOBEY
MY FATHER, THE
CHIEF -- I CANNOT
KILL YOU!



SO... SEE WHAT I DO, LITTLE ONE? I AM BUILDING A PLACE FOR YOU WHERE YOU WILL BE SAFE FROM THE WILD ANIMALS, AND I WILL BUILD A SHELTER IN IT FOR YOU. THEN, I WILL HUNT AND BRING YOU MEAT TO EAT! AND EVERY DAY I WILL COME AND TEACH YOU THE WAYS OF MEN. NO ONE WILL KNOW BECAUSE I WILL TELL NO ONE! AND SOME DAY YOU WILL REPAY ME... I KNOW YOU WILL! YOU MUST HAVE A NAME, SO I WILL CALL YOU "FANG."



AND SO THE MONTHS WENT BY, AND FANG THE WOLF LIVED HIS STRANGE LIFE, FOR INDEED, HE DID NOT EVEN KNOW HE WAS A WOLF! LITTLE FOX CARED FOR HIM WELL, AND TAUGHT HIM MANY THINGS. FANG WAS QUICK TO LEARN, AND SOON HIS KEEN SENSES AND GREAT SPEED MADE HIM A FINE HUNTER.

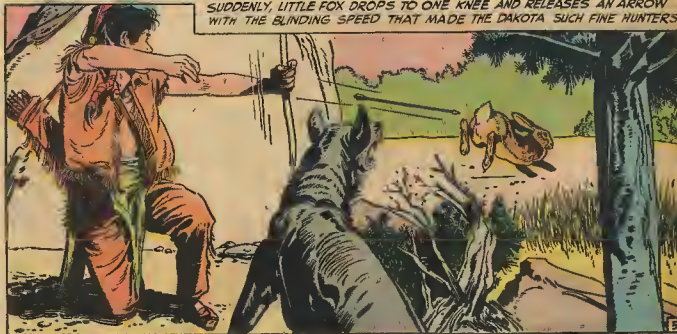
THIS TIME I THINK YOU ARE WRONG, FANG. NO RABBIT WOULD ACT THIS WAY. BUT IF YOU THINK YOU CAN FIND THE RABBIT, GO ON. I WILL FOLLOW.



PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT, FANG, ALTHOUGH I SEE NO SIGNS OF A RABBIT!



SUDDENLY, LITTLE FOX DROPS TO ONE KNEE AND RELEASES AN ARROW WITH THE BLINDING SPEED THAT MADE THE DAKOTA SUCH FINE HUNTERS.



SO, FANG, I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU WOULD NOT FAIL! HI-YAH! YOU ARE A GREAT HUNTER NOW. COME... I WILL BUILD A FIRE AND WE WILL FEAST ON THE GOOD MEAT OF THE RABBIT!



AND SO MORE MONTHS WENT BY, AND FANG GREW TO FULL SIZE. INDEED, PROTECTED, CARED FOR AND WELL FED AS HE WAS, FANG GREW FAR LARGER AND STRONGER THAN DO MOST WOLVES. BUT ALWAYS HE WAITED FOR LITTLE FOX TO COME TO HIM. AND IF HE HEARD THE CALL OF HIS WILD BROTHERS HE EITHER DID NOT UNDERSTAND OR HE PREFERRED NOT TO HEED IT. FANG AND LITTLE FOX WERE CONTENT AND HAPPY IN THEIR FRIENDSHIP. THEN CAME THE WINTER SNOWS, HEAVIER THAN EVEN THE OLDEST BRAVE COULD REMEMBER...



...AND WITH THE SNOWS CAME HARDSHIP TO THE LODGES OF THE SIOUX. FINALLY, RUNNING WOLF, FATHER OF LITTLE FOX, AND CHIEF OF THE DAKOTA CAMP, CALLED A MEETING OF THE BRAVES IN THE GREAT COUNCIL LODGE.

BRAVES OF THE SIOUX, I HAVE CALLED THIS COUNCIL BECAUSE GREAT TROUBLE COMES TO US. AS YOU KNOW THE BUFFALO DID NOT COME TO THE PLAINS IN GREAT NUMBERS THIS SUMMER AND THEREFORE, WE HAVE VERY LITTLE PREPARED MEAT IN OUR LODGES. NOW THE SNOW IS HEAVY, AND THE GAME IS HARD TO FIND. WE MUST MAKE A PLAN TO BRING MEAT TO OUR LODGES, OR WE WILL STARVE. WHO WILL SPEAK FURTHER? I HAVE SPOKEN.



I AM CALLED RED HORSE. ALWAYS HAS MY BOW BROUGHT GAME TO MY LODGE. NOW FOR THREE DAYS HAVE I HUNTED AND FOUND NOTHING. BUT THIS I DID FIND. IN MANY PLACES WHERE I HUNTED DID I SEE THE TRACKS OF A GREAT GRIZZLY BEAR. THIS IS A BAD THING, FOR GAME DOES NOT LIKE TO STAY WHERE THE GRIZZLY MAKES HIS HOME BECAUSE HE IS A MEAT-EATER!



WHAT RED HORSE HAS TOLD US IS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE, FOR THE GRIZZLY HAS A HUGE APPETITE AND HE KILLS MUCH GAME, FROM NOW ON, WE WILL HUNT IN TWOS, SHOULD THE GREAT GRIZZLY BE MET, TWO BOWS WILL BE BETTER THAN ONE. I HAVE SPOKEN.



LATER... IN THE TEEPEE OF HIS FATHER, LITTLE FOX MAKES A STRANGE REQUEST.

FATHER, IN COUNCIL YOU DIRECTED THAT WE HUNT IN TWOS. I ASK YOUR PERMISSION TO HUNT ALONE. I PROMISE YOU I WILL BRING BACK GAME.

THAT IS GOOD. YOU MAY HUNT ALONE, LITTLE FOX, BUT DO NOT FACE THE GRIZZLY ALONE IF YOU SHOULD MEET HIM.

PERHAPS IT IS THAT THE BOY WISHES TO PROVE HE IS A MAN FULL GROWN.



AND OF COURSE, THERE WAS A REASON WHY LITTLE FOX WANTED TO HUNT ALONE, FOR NONE IN THE GREAT WOODS EXCELLED FANG, THE TAME WOLF, AS A HUNTER...

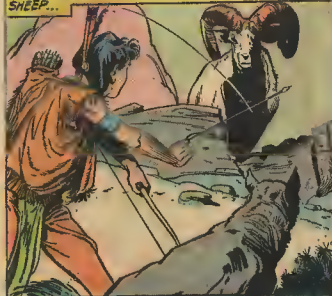


FANG!
OH, FANG!

IT WAS FANG WHO DROVE A PLUMP DEER OUT OF A DENSE THICKET INTO THE OPEN WHERE IT FELL VICTIM TO THE UNERRING BOW OF LITTLE FOX!



...AND NEXT, THEY INVADE THE MOUNTAINS TO BRING DOWN THE ELUSIVE BIG HORN MOUNTAIN SHEEP...



THEN, A YOUNG BUFFALO, SEPARATED FROM THE HERD WHEN IT MOVED SOUTHWARD, IS BROUGHT DOWN.



AND THEN ONE NIGHT, IN THE COUNCIL LODGE GREAT HONOR CAME TO LITTLE FOX, AND HIS FATHER, RUNNING WOLF, ADDRESSED THE BRAVES WITH PRIDE.

BRAVES OF THE SIOUX, TONIGHT AROUND THE COUNCIL FIRE, WE MEET TO HONOR A BRAVE OF OUR CAMP. I SPEAK OF MY SON, LITTLE FOX. FOR THOUGH HE IS YET ONLY A BOY, HIS IS THE MIGHTIEST BOW IN OUR CAMP. HE HAS BROUGHT HOME MORE GAME THAN ANY FIVE HUNTERS!



LITTLE FOX WALKED UNHAPPILY FROM THE COUNCIL LODGE, FOR THIS HONOR, HE KNEW, RIGHTFULLY BELONGED TO HIS TAME WOLF, FANG. THE BRAVES WONDERED AT HIS LEAVING, FOR IN HIS HONOR, THERE WAS TO BE MUCH DANCING AND SINGING, BUT THEY ACCEPTED THIS ACT OF MODESTY IN SILENT ADMIRATION!



... AND SO, MY SON, HERE IS AN EAGLE FEATHER, TUFTED AND CRESTED, AND SO MARKED THAT IT WILL TELL EVERYONE WHO SEES IT THAT MY SON IS THE MIGHTIEST OF HUNTERS!

FATHER, I DO NOT DESERVE THIS HONOR -- IT SHOULD NOT BE MINE. AND NOW, IF I MAY, I WOULD LIKE TO GO TO OUR LODGE. THE HUNT WAS LONG TODAY AND I AM VERY TIRED!



SO, MY GRANDSON RETURNS EARLY FROM THE COUNCIL. WITH THE HONORS WHICH CAME TO YOU TONIGHT, I SHOULD THINK YOU WOULD HAVE STAYED FOR THE DANCING AND THE TELLING OF THE OLDER LEGENDS.

I COULD NOT STAY, GRAND-MOTHER. I WAS TIRED.



YOURS IS A STRONG BODY, LITTLE FOX, AND IT DOES NOT TIRE EASILY! IT IS YOUR MIND WHICH IS UNHAPPY. PERHAPS YOU FEEL THAT THE HONORS YOU RECEIVED TONIGHT DO NOT BELONG TO YOU?

THAT IS IT, GRANDMOTHER. BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW?



NOW, GRANDSON, YOU MUST TELL YOUR FATHER. HE WILL BE ANGRY, BUT HE CANNOT DENY THAT THE WOLF HAS SAVED OUR CAMP FROM STARVATION!

I WILL DO EVEN MORE, GRANDMOTHER. I WILL ASK MY FATHER TO HUNT WITH US TOMORROW. THEN HE SHALL SEE HOW FANG HAS HELPED ME!



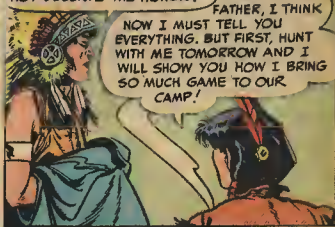
MANY TIMES WHEN I MENDED A TEAR IN YOUR BUCKSKINS, I FOUND ON THEM GRAY HAIKS, SUCH AS MIGHT COME FROM THE COAT OF A DOG. YET THERE IS NO GRAY DOG IN THE CAMP. THEREFORE, THEY MUST BE OF A WOLF!

YOU HAVE GUESSED RIGHTLY, GRANDMOTHER. I DID NOT KILL THE WOLF CUB, AND IT WAS HE, FANG, WHO FOUND THE GAME. ONLY DID I SHOOT IT!



AND SO, LATER THAT EVENING, WHEN RUNNING WOLF RETURNED TO THE LODGE, LITTLE FOX WAS AWAKE AND WAITING FOR HIM...

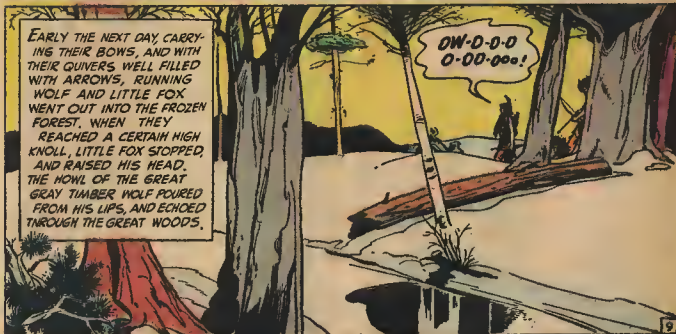
MY SON, YOU SPOKE STRANGE WORDS WHEN I PLACED THE EAGLE FEATHER ON YOUR HEAD. WHY DO YOU NOT DESERVE THE HONOR?



FATHER, I THINK NOW I MUST TELL YOU EVERYTHING. BUT FIRST, HUNT WITH ME TOMORROW AND I WILL SHOW YOU HOW I BRING SO MUCH GAME TO OUR CAMP!

EARLY THE NEXT DAY, CARRYING THEIR BOWS, AND WITH THEIR QUIVERS WELL FILLED WITH ARROWS, RUNNING WOLF AND LITTLE FOX WENT OUT INTO THE FROZEN FOREST. WHEN THEY REACHED A CERTAIN HIGH KNOLL, LITTLE FOX STOPPED, AND RAISED HIS HEAD. THE HOWL OF THE GREAT GRAY TIMBER WOLF POURED FROM HIS LIPS, AND ECHOED THROUGH THE GREAT WOODS.

OW-O-O-O
O-O-O-O-O!





WHAT IS THIS THAT HAPPENS? WHY DOES MY SON SPEAK WITH THE VOICE OF A WOLF?

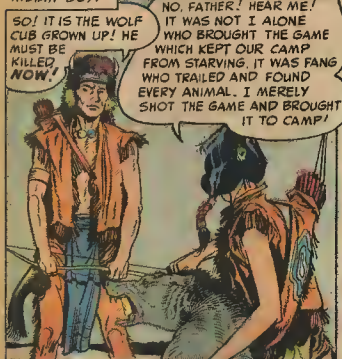
YOU WILL SEE IN A MOMENT, FATHER.

AGAIN LITTLE FOX LIFTS HIS HEAD AND OUT FROM HIS THROAT COMES THE BLOOD-CHILLING CRY OF THE HUNTING WOLF! THERE IS A MOMENT OF SILENCE, THEN AN ANSWERING CRY... AND A GREAT GRAY SHAPE DRIFTS SILENTLY OUT OF A DISTANT THICKET AND LOPES FEARLESSLY TOWARD THE SIOUX HUNTERS!



A WOLF! DON'T SHOOT, FATHER! IT IS FANG!

THE WOLF CIRCLES AROUND CHIEF RUNNING WOLF AND STANDS SNARLING AT THE SIDE OF THE INDIAN BOY.



SO! IT IS THE WOLF CUB GROWN UP! HE MUST BE KILLED NOW!

NO, FATHER! HEAR ME! IT WAS NOT I ALONE WHO BROUGHT THE GAME WHICH KEPT OUR CAMP FROM STARVING. IT WAS FANG WHO TRAILED AND FOUND EVERY ANIMAL. I MERELY SHOT THE GAME AND BROUGHT IT TO CAMP!

IT IS HARD FOR ME TO BELIEVE THAT A WOLF COULD BE OUR FRIEND, FOR ALWAYS I HAVE HUNTED THEM AS OUR BITTEREST ENEMY!

THAT IS SO, FATHER, BUT ONE OF THEIR NUMBER HAS BECOME MY FRIEND, AND IT IS HE WHO SAVED OUR CAMP. COME--I WILL SHOW YOU HOW WE HUNT TOGETHER.

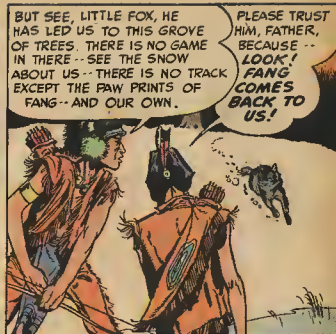


GO, FANG! FIND GAME! GO!

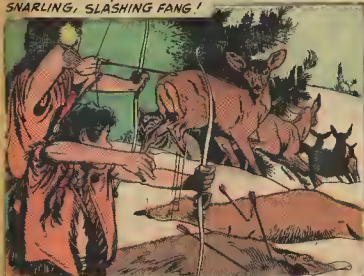


YOUR WOLF WORKS A TRAIL VERY FAST, LITTLE FOX! HE IS HARD TO KEEP UP WITH!

HE'LL CALL TO ME WHEN HE FINDS GAME



STEPPING QUIETLY FROM CONCEALMENT, RUNNING WOLF AND LITTLE FOX LET LOOSE THEIR ARROWS WITH BLINDING SPEED. TWO DEER FALL, AND THE REST, IN FRANTIC FRIGHT, ARE HERDED TOGETHER BY THE SNARLING, SLASHING FANG!



NOW FATHER DO YOU SEE WHO IS THE GREAT HUNTER?

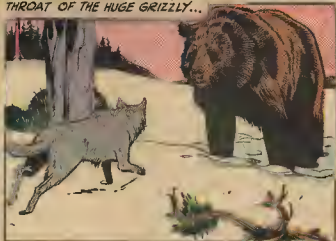
TRULY YOUR WOLF, FANG, IS A WONDERFUL ANIMAL, AND MUCH THANKS DOES OUR TRIBE OWE HIM. FOR HERE IS ENOUGH MEAT TO SEE US THROUGH THE REST OF THE WINTER!



FANG! WHY DO YOU SNARL? THERE IS -- FATHER, THE GRIZZLY!



DRAWN BY THE SCENT OF THE SLAIN DEER, THE SAVAGE BEAST RUMBLES A LOW WARNING TO THE SNARLING WOLF IN HIS PATH, AND ADVANCES WITH DECEPTIVE SPEED! DRIVEN BY INSTINCT TO PROTECT HIS "KILL" AND THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HIS YOUNG MAN-FRIEND FACES DEATH, FANG HURLS HIMSELF AT THROAT OF THE HUGE GRIZZLY...



... BUT THE UNEQUAL STRUGGLE CANNOT LAST...



...AND SIOUX ARROWS PROVE MORE DEADLY, BUT WHEN THE RAGING MARAUDER STUMBLES, AND THEN CRASHES UNMOVING INTO THE SNOW, THE GALLANT FANG LIES STILL.



BE CAREFUL,
LITTLE
FOX!

FATHER!...
FANG IS
DEAD! MY
FANG IS
DEAD!

DO NOT SORROW, MY
SON. FANG WAS TRULY
YOUR FRIEND.. A
GREATER FRIEND IN
DEATH EVEN THAN
IN LIFE!



LITTLE FOX, HEAR ME REMEMBER THIS-- SOON YOU AND FANG WOULD HAVE BEEN PARTED. FULLY GROWN HE WAS AND SOON HE WOULD SEEK A MATE. WOULD FANG BRING HIS MATE--A WILD SHE-WOLF--TO HUNT WITH YOU? INDEED NO, AND IN HER DEFENSE, AND IN THE DEFENSE OF HIS CUBS, THEN FANG WOULD TURN EVEN AGAINST YOU. IT IS BETTER THIS WAY--HE DIED, BUT IN DYING, HE GAVE YOUR LIFE BACK TO YOU. FOR HAD HE NOT WARNED US AND ATTACKED THE GREAT GRIZZLY, WE WOULD NOW BE DEAD!



AND THERE, DEEP IN THE FOREST, AMONG THE SNOW-LADEN PINES, LITTLE FOX BURIED HIS FRIEND AT THE BASE OF A GREAT STUMP. IT WOULD BE LONG, HE KNEW, BEFORE HE FORGOT THE FULL DEEP-THROATED HUNTING CRY OF THE GALLANT FANG.

GOODBYE, MY FRIEND. I DO NOT KNOW IF THE SOULS OF ANIMALS GO TO TO THE LAND OF SPIRITS, BUT IF THEY DO, WE WILL SURELY MEET AND HUNT TOGETHER AGAIN!



**"Trust your
Buster Brown
Shoeman for
EXPERT FIT"**



Dear buddies and mothers and dads:

The Buster Brown folks really know how to make shoes that are *shaped* to fit growing feet properly. Buster Brown Shoes are made on "Live-Foot" Lasts, so called, because they actually are shaped like the lively feet of children. That's the first part of the Buster Brown fit story. The second part is that the shoemen at your Buster Brown store are experts in fitting boys and girls in just the right size and width for the greatest comfort and freedom. Take it from me, they'd rather lose a sale than sell a pair of shoes that weren't exactly right.

Sincerely,

Smilin' Ed





Don't wait, kids! Tell mom to get you
wonderful Easter shoes during the great

BUSTER BROWN **Easter Parade**



• Where to get Buster Browns during the
Easter Parade? Easy! Just visit the shoeman
whose name is on the front of this book...and
he'll fit you out in wonderful Easter shoes!

